

"I ThMK MR Whtsoul I REALIY GOVA SUE US TW/S TME!"




'IHIS IS TE GONWONGE, AND THTT MY COOK, NON






When I GROW UPFOW?




GOSK, it= just a wates pistoll
Thatev IT/ Eete AXITES water...sint had a bath in 20 (hat years?













## By James Wadsworth Shortfellow

## Bu8s

Buss is funny little suys... They crawl an' fly an' wisgle, They hop arr buzz an' bump their heads. The fuzzy ones make me sfissle!

Some fot too many legs. I think. I wonder how they work 'em? Just whenl I've saved a jar full, My Mom is sure to take 'em.

The bees sure make sood honey.. I'm glad theyrre busy things. The bees are the bugs I like the best. Exceptin when they sting!

## The Barber

I hate to go to the barber He makes me sit too quizet. He tells me not to wisgle.. Ird like to see him try it ! He scares me with his scissors. An' his lectric clippers tickle. I'd nevere get a haircut..
Less Mom gave me a nickle.
My barber bosses' me too much..
I just don't thank it's fair
He never gets a haircut.
'Cause he don't have no hair!


No contributions, please.


## I'd Like Ta be....

 Id like ta be a engineerOn a 8 reat big streamlined train An. blow the whistle an' ring the bell.. IF I didnt have lions to tame.

Then Id crack my whip an' shoot my 8 un Arr make the lions do tricks. An' everybody would laush anr clap IF I wasn't layin' bricks.

Then Id build a house ant a church anr bridge..
OR l'd catch bears in a trap. ar be a prliceman but just right now I think I'll take a nap!



Well, I wonder what to make for supper.

Me an Mr. Wilson ate playiny hife an'scek. Hers


But he always txikes a mep before supper. Dernis. Say. how wonjd you izke




6000: What'g for suppes?

Oh. Epaghetti. and hot dogg, and chali, and himnburgers, ind root becr eloats.

# SCHODI維 RUFF 










Oh... picking up etray dogs, eh? Don't yout krow thut's againgt




## CIERE'S YOUR COLORING PAGE! LET'S GET OUT THOSE CRAYONS!

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| :---: | :---: |

# Dennis the Menace 







${ }^{\circ} \mathrm{CH}=100 \mathrm{~K}$, UNOER your SE FOF SOMTHM' OF MINE Thit CRANLED AMHY!.


TROOR OL RLFF FEELS LEFT GUT."


